



**THE
SEMAPHORE**

FEP

Chas. E. Kares



THE SEMAPHORE

Rich in traditions of the past; alive to the needs of the present

Volume 2

November 6, 1920

Number 2

Last June during the Class Day exercises, one of the young men was presented with a large sphere because he had the reputation of being an "all-round" man.

We have thought about this incident a lot since then and as we look to June, 1921, and the other Junes to follow, we wonder just what standard will gauge the "all-round" man.

Right now at the beginning of our school year it seems very appropriate to analyze this All-Round Student and find, if maybe, some things going to make up the character. The first thing we find is that he is in love with life. We find that Nature, the Science Laboratory, the Textbook's Secret were all unfolded to him because they seemed to say, "I give to those who love me." Because of this advantage, we find him able to make the adjustments to university life and make his associates his friends because of his personality and sincerity. We find him a man who was good—good for his own sake and cheerful for his roommate's sake. He wasn't grouchy. Grouchy people get to heaven sometimes and the cheerful ones do, too. The only difference is that we wish the grouchy ones were there now, while we want the cheerful ones with us. He remembered his mother and wrote to her regularly. He loved and respected his sister as much as he did any other boy's sister. He had an ideal that young men should lead a life of purity which would make any young lady proud to introduce him to her mother. We find that he choose the same type of girls for his companions. He was a Christian. These are some of the things we noticed about his public life, and as we became acquainted with his personal life among his schoolmates, we find he had due sense of regard for the rights of others—had some way learned the art of giving and taking. We find him either silent or talking only about the cheerful side of things others were complaining about. He had no class office but unconsciously controlled the "balance of power" because he was sincere and trustworthy. He was popular because he always laughed with or for his friends; never at them. We find him present at athletic contests and supporting his school in all contests. He was a friend of his associates.

We notice that all these qualities could be a part of any person's life and we wonder who the "All-Round" Student will be this year.

TENNIS

Athletically speaking, we think of tennis as being classed among the more gentle arts. Perhaps because it is a game in which ladies FIGURE largely. Or perhaps on account of a racket being used instead of a club and soft balls instead of hard ones (which are more safe for ladies to use in face of the nineteenth amendment).

Though gentle it may seem, I am thoroughly convinced that one can be quite done up after a tilt on the courts.

Tennis courts are the scenes of games as gentle and full of good feeling as a day in early May; or, they may become as violent as an early (for Sunday morning) and vigorous toothbrush skirmish.

This all of course depends upon who is playing. If it be students it runs largely to that form known as bench tennis.

But, suppose it be faculty, (A glass of water, please, George). It is peculiar that nearly all of the faculty tennis sharks (woof, woof! I'm a blue-bird) seem to be those of a poetical nature, that is the longfellows. (Sinking, skipper, sinking). No doubt this fact has saved the institution. "Bear with me a moment." Imagine "some of 'em" in action. !!!*?!! Who yelled, "Hurrah for the tanks" Why, what would we do if they realized their strength once and believed that "the female of the species is the more dangerous."

We must pass on. Here come "one of 'em". "He" has challenged a downtown friend. They take an empty court (if there be such a thing) and we watch them until they get warmed up. Then, we focus our eyes upon the indicator ("him"). The game becomes very lively. "He" maneuvers successfully through a series of weight reducing exercises that would make a contortionist blind. Then the game takes on the fierceness of the battle of Hogans Alley. And our dauntless hero with a mighty swoop bears down upon the territory missed in the first plowing and with pent up energy and the noise of a brewery horse coming down the avenue, "he" reeks out the vengeance upon the little pill, that "he" has held against

us a month back, and the ball lands at the foot of the first terrace below manual training quarters. (A real Babe Ruth).

Then someone yells out, "thirty love", and the couples around the court register.

The strain, however, is not all upon the players; for, we have occupied a position midway between the courts and we have gone through head turning exercises enough to cause a heterogeneous deterioration of the atrophied brain cells, thus nearly causing a ratiocinative subconscious fluttering of the mentality.

So in a pseudo-philosophical frame of mind we gather together our powers of epicurianism and drag our mangled remains to a typewriter and measure this off. ("La guerre fini").

—FREDERICK BURNHAM.

THIS AND THAT

Skipper

I love the girls who do,
I love the girls who don't,
But the very best of all
(And I'm sure that you'll think that I'm right),
Is the girl who says she won't,
And then she says she might.

Scene: Minnie Marvel at hospital complaining of pains in the head.

Mrs. Larson: What kind of pains are they?

Min.: They seem to be musical pains.

Mrs. L.: How do they sound?

Min.: Like "Home, Sweet Home."

L. Smithson at Utica: "Oh, Bernice, how have you been getting along with Claude?"

B. Frisbie: Not very well, I've only had two hair-nets for the last five dates.

Tailor to Albert Schultz: "Do you want a cuff on your trousers?"

Albert: Say, do you want a slap in the mouth?

Emily R.—Do you go to church for the sermon or the music?

Bea Hart—Oh, I go for the hymns (hims).

HOB NOB AT HALLOWE'EN

Some had gone to their several homes,
But those less blest had stayed;
And now tonight in the arcade light
They troop to the masquerade.
Hallowe'en,—and the ghosts will walk,
And some will dance, but none will talk.

Though some will squeak and some
will squawk
And rattle their beads of jade.

They all go in at the selfsame doors
Where the white lights dimly play:
They come by twos, they come by
fours,

Clown and queen and fay.
Hallowe'en,—but the Pharisees
All want a dance with the bland
Chinese,

Wearing a girdle about her kness
In the mode of old Cathay.

Here is a convict, burly and rags,
Sporting about with a carmine rose;
Cleving the dance in half there prance
W. J. Bryan and a powdered nose.
Hallowe'en,—but the ghosts will soon
Quake in hollow light of the moon;
In the midst of the throng a gay buf-
foon
A demon shoulder throws.

The Chinese lady has lost her spell?
Her face was glued to a finer one,
Hollow pretense, get thee hence;
"Et tu, Bryan," shame, begone.
Hallowe'en,—but the shades have
fled

And left to us firm-bodied friends in
their stead;

"Knew you not us in the masque,"
they said,

When we had false faces on?"

—D. J. G.

Hugh White tries to Ward off that
funny feeling when visitors come from
Galeton to see the football game.

Lorenza Seely—That George Hunt
keeps staring at my nose.

Betty Belknap—Well, he is sup-
posed to keep his eye on everything
that turns up.

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The Semaphore.

Alumni Page

Conducted by the Alumni Editor with a view of keeping alive the association with our Alma Mater

The members of the Class of 1916 and other friends of Mrs. Bessie R. Shipman will be glad to read this article clipped from The Elkins Inter-Mountain, daily of Elkins, West Virginia, where it tells of her work at the Randolph County Teachers' Institute.

Mrs. Bessie Shipman was no stranger to our people. She formerly lived in this city and enjoyed the distinction of being the leader in our musical life. After the death of Mr. Shipman, whom we remember pleasantly, Mrs. Shipman became supervisor of music at Mannington. It took but one year for her to establish a reputation of high rank and she was called to Akron, Ohio, a city of more than two hundred thousand population, as one of the three supervisors of music. Her efforts in the public schools and in the Americanization work of that city were of such a high order that her success has been phenomenal—so satisfactory to the authorities that her salary was more than doubled in three years. Her work here among the teachers, her demonstrations with classes of children yet too young to attend public school, and her solos, displaying a voice of rare sweetness, have all been very much appreciated. Mrs. Shipman's presence in the city this week afforded her host of admiring friends an opportunity to renew acquaintances, and she has been highly entertained by them. She left Friday evening for Akron, where the schools open next Tuesday, but she carries with her a surprise for the people of that city, in the nature of resignation, to be effective as soon as the authorities there can find some one to take up her work. The largest school book publishing house in the country was in need of a competent person to take charge of its music department in the Cincinnati division of nine states, and after looking over the territory, offered the position to Mrs. Shipman at a handsome salary. She

wired her acceptance this week, and will make Cincinnati her headquarters as soon as she is released at Akron, which she does not anticipate will be later than October 1. Her large circle of friends in this county will extend most generously their hearty good wishes, feeling confident that the energy and ability that are hers in abundant measure, guarantee success in her new work. About half her time will be spent in Cincinnati and the other half in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas.

Miss Josephine Squires, of the 1919 class is teaching in the upper grades at Mainesburg, Tioga county. She inclosed the price of her subscription to "The Semaphore" and from her letter we quote: "I am proud of the work of the school and am glad if I can help it on in any way."

Miss Ada Swingle, class of 1920, is teaching the primary grades at Herrick Center.

Helen M. Jones (Class of 1920) writes about her position as assistant instructor in the Commercial Department of the Wellsboro High School. Miss Jones is very much interested in M. S. N. S. as will be seen in the following quotation from her letter: "I desire to inform any 'wondering' classmates of mine, of my whereabouts, actions, ambitions, etc., and I also wish to subscribe for "The Semaphore" so I may keep well informed of everyone and everything up in 'The School on the Hill'. . . Little do the present seniors at M. S. N. S. realize how much this last year will mean to them. Many, many times has the 'memory' of those last days spent there, brought a sigh on my lips and tears of loneliness to my eyes. That 'Dormitory Life' was worth everything to me; the close association

with the girls and such dear friendships made among them—will always serve to inspire me to higher ideals and loftier ambitions, because I want to be worthy of such friends."

From the Tioga County Institute, Oct. 25-28, came subscriptions from the Misses Arleine Neal, Helen Hughes and Nellie Squires, who are teaching respectively at Covington, Farmington, and Mainesburg.

Miss Florence Calhoun, class of 1920, writes of her position as instructor in Music in the DuBois Public Schools. Her address is 610 Maple Ave. Miss Hazel Benjamin, her classmate, is also in DuBois teaching 5th grade.

Miss Gladys Cobb, class of 1920, writes: "I am teaching Physical Training and Reading in the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Grades of the Norwood Schools and like it very much thus far. Send my copies of 'The Semaphore' to Norwood Station, Pa."

Prof. Harold Brooks writes us an interesting letter from which we print the following:

Y. M. C. A., Hazelton, Pa.
Oct. 17, 1920.

Greetings, Semaphore!
I have been thinking of you real often lately and was going to write you asking when you were going to appear when I received a copy. I was glad to hear from you and know you were out in full force. Being one of the members of the first issue of the Association News, from which you sprung, I am naturally interested in you and I am watching you grow.

I was interested in reading how some of my classmates and former teachers spent their summer. I spent mine mid the quiet solitude of M. S. N. S. The first part of the summer I was general electrician. No doubt you have noticed the new black lamp

cords which replace the old worn out green ones; well, that is the result of my efforts so if you found your lights wouldn't work, I'm the guy that put them out of commission. The later part of the summer I spent in pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with cement upon the hill fixing the reservoir so you could have nice, fresh well water.

You may wonder how I lived thru a quiet summer. Well, my summer was full of thrills and excitements; there was the flood, no mail for two days, which you can imagine was nice when you look forward to that much expected Erie Flyer. Then, too, the fire which left us without lights. That was an eventful night. I fought fire for my first time and then got a taste of helping the night watchman at school that night for we had five lights (oil) on each floor which had to be watched. This brought back memories of guard duty when the unit was there. For a month Mansfield looked like the Deserted Village.

I certainly am proud of the football team and hope to see them play Thanksgiving. I am also anxious to hear that Jazz orchestra, too.

No doubt you laugh when you think of Harold Brooks teaching school. I don't blame you. I do myself at times. It is something I said I'd never do. But nevertheless I like it and find it is not so bad after all.

In the mornings I teach Manual Training at a Grammar School a mile out from the city. It is a large and new building, very complete and modern. It has an enrollment of 1-100 pupils, all foreigners. My classes have 24 boys each and I have two classes every morning. The boys are all foreigners under 16 years and are good workers. In the afternoons I have one class (three hours long) of 14 boys in Electricity at a school only two blocks from the heart of the city. There are only two other Mansfield graduates in Hazleton, Lillie Thomas is one of them.

I am glad to hear that the Y. M. and Y. W. this year are progressing finely. Next pay day (the one joy of teaching) I will send the "Y" the ten dollar check for the building fund.

Give my regards to M. S. N. S., the

faculty, the students and best success to the Semaphore.

As ever,

HAROLD L. BROOKS,
Care Y. M. C. A., Hazleton, Pa.

LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR SENIOR YOUNG MEN

To His Friend in the Class of 1920

Mansfield Normal, Oct. 22, 1920.

Dear Mary:

Gosh! I'm terrible sorry you can't come over for this week-end. It's only two days anyway, so you ain't missing as much as you thought. Everything is just the same as last year, almost. Gym social is a half hour longer and now I get a chance to dance with a lot of girls since you are gone! I ain't had a regular girl this year, Mary, it doesn't pay. You know how it was with us last year. Variety is my motto. Gym social is a little improved. Isaacs has an orchestra—quite jazzy—he beats the drum—but sometimes it ain't any good—oh, well, it is much cheaper than a good orchestra—and better than waiting and wasting three or four dances trying to coax Polly Battenburg to play—and the boys don't sit upon the platform all evening since Bea Hart does not do the "ragging" either. So Isaacs' orchestra has its advantages. Besides it gives him a lot of practice for nothing, and it is so much better to do your practicing before people who know you than strangers who don't appreciate honest effort.

I wondered about that ticket, Mary. I know you could get one if you had the money—but tickets is tickets and three cents a mile counts up pretty fast. You weren't hinting for me to lend you money was you? Of course you weren't, but I couldn't help thinking about it. I'm glad you are economical—that is just the kind of a wife I want, Mary. I thought maybe I could borrow the money, but I got a notice from the bank I had overdrawn my account fifteen dollars. Just for a minute I didn't know what to do, but I happened to think of my check book—and I sat right down and made them out a check for twenty-five dollars, so now I'm ten dollars to the good. That check book is a mighty

handy thing, Mary.

The movies ain't been very interesting. All us couples got our sentence in section B. Isn't any fun at all. I looked over at the seats aside the wall and thought of how many times you and me sat there. Oh! well, Helen and me found a spot that ain't so bad. I hope you ain't jealous of Helen. She doesn't let me hold her hand near so much as you did, so you ain't got much to be jealous of. I'm sort of glad you aren't coming over because I asked Helen to go to the movies, for I didn't think you'd come anyway, and I know you wouldn't have cared anyway. Her pa is awfully rich and owns a lot of stores. She says I'm the first man who ever understood her, so she thinks a lot of me. If I should marry her, probably her pa would make me manager of the stores. But you haven't lost me yet, Mary. Maybe your pa will take me in your store. Ma said once she thought he ought to, because he tried to take in everyone he could.

Besides, no girl can't vamp me right off the reel. It's awfully dangerous place for us innocents this year; there are so many more vamps here than last year. I could name 'em over, but I ain't going to tell because girls like to think they can vamp us, and no girl's vanity is going to swell on my account. Remember how proud of me you were last year, Mary. Just between you and me, Mary, I'm a marked man, everybody looks at me, even Bryan looked at me when he was giving that speech. It was great. He sure understands Republicans thoroughly, you could tell it by the things he said.

It's all your fault, Mary, that you didn't come over. You can't say I didn't do all I could to get you to come over. Don't feel bad, but I'll probably have just as good a time with Helen. Most of us bachelors left here by the senior girls are quite lucky; most of us have got another girl, so you girls needn't worry about us not having a good time.

I'll try to write again sometime if I don't have nothing else to do; but I play bench tennis every chance I get. Don't get many chances to play since there ain't many on the courts.

Yours till I hear from you again,
HARRY.

Football
Basketball
Field

ATHLETICS

"PRO BONO SCHOLAE"

Baseball
Tennis
Meets

MANSFIELD TRIMS

BUCKNELL RESERVES

Mansfield again demonstrated to all those who saw the game on Saturday, Oct. 16, that she has a team worthy to wear the colors of the "college on the hill." It is a team which without a shadow of doubt will prove its claim to the Normal School championship.

Bucknell Reserves brought a strong team to Mansfield and put up a wonderful brand of football. The game was not decided one way or the other until the final whistle proclaimed our black jerseyed boys the victors. The score was 7-0.

The entire game was played in a mean drizzling rain which handicapped both teams tremendously, causing fumble after fumble in crucial moments. It was on a fumble that Mansfield's score resulted. In the second quarter, after a great deal of hard scrimmaging the ball was in Bucknell's possession on Mansfield's 40 yard line. On a pass to one of the "Blue and Gold" backs the ball was fumbled. White, our alert fullback, pounced upon the pumpkin and, with fine interference from "Baby Joe" Lippincott, ran 60 yards for our lone touchdown. Shaute kicked the goal. Mansfield's line-up was as follows:

Steiner, L. E.
Fadden (capt.), L. T.
McGowan, L. G.
Connors, C.
Jaquish, R. G.
Oshinski, R. T.
Crawford, R. E.
Sayre, Q. B.
Shaute, L. H. B.
White, F. B.
Clinko, R. H. B.
Substitutes: Mays, Lippincott.

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MANSFIELD NORMAL 7—

CORNELL FRESH, 0

Mansfield added another victory to her list and made it four straight without being scored upon, Saturday when they won from Cornell Fresh on Alumni Field at Ithaca.

The game started at one o'clock and from the start it was a toss-up as to who would win because both teams were well matched, the Ithacans having some advantage in weight.

Mansfield's aggressiveness in the first quarter made it look as if we would be an easy winner if we could hold the ball, but due to no reason whatever every back on the Mansfield had several fumbles, some being costly in the advantage they gave to Cornell.

Mansfield's line was a huge factor in hurling back the powerful attacks of the Cornell backfield and all gains were short, requiring four downs generally to make a first down.

The break of the game came about five minutes from the end of the game just after Cornell's punter had sent a long one which got away from Lowe and rolled behind the goal posts.

The ball was brought out to the 20-yard line and Shaute punted to the Cornell quarterback.

This was the only punt which the Ithacans misjudged and Crawford, Mansfield's fleet-footed right-end, was quick to seize upon the ball as it was fumbled and was off on a 50-yard dash to the goal line.

Shaute kicked off to Cornell and in four plays, all forward passes which were exceptionally well executed they brought the ball to Mansfield's 14-yard line. A penalty for holding put it on the 1-yard line. Here with 15 seconds to play, they tried a forward pass, but the man who received the pass did not gain an inch.

Here the game ended. About 5,000 persons witnessed the game.

The line-up:

Crawford, R. E.
Lippincott, R. T.
Jaquish, R. G.
Connors, C.

McGowan, L. G.

Fadden (capt.), I. T.

Boyle, I. E.

Sayre, Q. B.

Shaute, L. H. B.

White, F. B.

Oshinski, R. H. B.

Connors, C.

Substitutes: Sayre, for Boyle;
Lowe for Sayre; Steiner for Sayre;
Sayre for Lowe.

MANSFIELD OVERWHELMS

ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY

October 9, 1920, Rochester University was decisively defeated by the overwhelming score of 44 to 0. It is absolutely needless to describe the game for it was evident from the blowing of the first whistle to the final "All's over" that Mansfield was in no danger whatsoever.

The varsity and the scrubs made a great lark of it, romping up and down the field at will, tearing off gains of twenty and thirty yards at a clip. Rochester put up a scrappy, never-say-die article of ball, but they were outclassed by far too great a margin to do any effective work. One more scalp for Kichline's "Indians".

Why Not a Tennis Tournament?

There is a great deal of interest in the good old game of tennis in and around the Normal. In fact, nearly everybody plays and enjoys the use of the tennis courts provided by the school.

This is the big idea: Why would it not be a good plan for the Y. M. C. A., or some other student organization, to conduct a regular, up-to-date tennis tournament with single and double competition for both boys and girls. The logical time to hold the tourna-

(Continued on Page Seven.)

The Semaphore

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OUR SCHOOL PAPER

The Semaphore is not a paper thru which only the editors get the chance to express themselves. It is a paper of the students, for the students, and by the students. It is YOUR paper. Make it so by contributing to any department in it. This paper is a school endeavor entirely, contributions should be received from everyone. Give us your co-operation by taking keen interest in all the events of school, writing them up and sending them in. Let's get together and put it across as we have every other undertaking that Mansfield has tackled.

EDITORIAL

"Didn't think" is an excuse given for many a mishap; yet the thinking faculty is man's most precious gift. Upon that the destiny of many a nation hangs, many a life is determined,

many a war decided;—and by the thinking process the greatness of the whole world is shaped.

"Didn't think" is no excuse for giving the wrong medicine; or neglecting to give the right one. It does not excuse turning the wrong switch and causing a wreck. It is no excuse for failure to deliver an important message. "Didn't think" has caused many disastrous fires, cost many lives, fortunes and much happiness.

The men who have accomplished great works are men who used their thoughts for a purpose, who acquired control of thought. All the great works of art; the books we read, and the great stage of civilization which we enjoy, grew out of a controlled thoughtful mind. They did not allow thought to be frittered away without direction. Their mind was so carefully controlled that quick thinking did not mean disaster; and through the keenness, alertness and quickness of thought many accidents have been

avoided, many lives saved, many an army lead to victory.

If one attempts proper thought control, the easier it becomes. Some allow their thoughts to fly from one object to another, as a butterfly flits among the flowers in a garden, perhaps not even with as much direction as the butterfly uses in seeking its food. Ruskin said: "There is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death bed. No thinking should be left to be done there.

There are times when fancy or imagination runs riot in the mind, but that is an exercise of the mind and not due to be taken when direct thought is due. Just letting the mind run is not indulging in imagination.

Learning to think is a lesson we all need.

HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en, is a Jack O' Lantern, a caldron bubbling above a crackling fire, and a witch sailing hither and yon on the wings of a broomstick. We see Hallowe'en on postcards, the kind we used to get from each of our uncles and aunts before we grew up and before the war sent prices soaring. Perhaps we have not been as specific in the setting forth of our subject as was the sweet high school graduatress when she said, "Life in a garden of roses with a grand founting, but not a man in sight," but we have tried.

Time was when witches were as common as garter snakes; when every evening, after the pigs had been given their hay, the farmers—and preachers, to be sure—repaired to the village green, and the most likely applicant, one then needed no references to speak of, was ceremoniously encompassed about by fagots, "drye ande welle seasoned", and given to the flames that lapped and licked and then consumed.

However, this unprecedented demand for witches caused the elimination of all but a few, of all but one in fact, in almost the same way as the mad slaughter of bison on the western plains well nigh caused their extinction; and today we set aside a day of the year for the worship of The Witch. In the country she is honored by letting Neighbor Felix's cows in the corn; in the city by hiking into the country for punkins—let no one tell you they are pumpkins—and sculpturing them into Jack o' Lanterns which in due form are lighted on the front porch. Thus, as my neighbor says, the farmer gets the rub both ways. Let me also add that certain well meaning little boys sometimes make weird sounds on one's window by rolling a notched spool upon the pane.

Perhaps Gardner's "Manipulation of the Table Knife at Table" will have something different to say about it, the origin of Hallowe'en and so on, some thing about All Saints' Day and a lot of like nonsense. Heed it not. The man who wrote it was a relative of mine.

D. J. G.

"WHEN BRYAN SPEAKS"

A personality came to Mansfield recently, and people came no less to hear than to see him—Bryan, whom the country has talked about and loved and fought for forty years. Bryan flung himself out of the obscurity of the West in the days before we Normalites can remember, dominated and united a turbulent Democratic convention by one of the greatest political speeches the country has ever heard.

Bryan's oratory is a simple earnestness that people listen to and that is the expression of a giant character. His name is in the history book: a great honor both to himself and to the history book. He is an idealist, and he has lived to see many of his ideals come true. He has also seen many of them cast aside for the moment as ravings of a "Holy Roller". But the people like Bryan, and even when they denounce his theories, admire his sincerity.

One day, after Bryan had spoken to us, I was walking with an unskilled laborer who had heard him.

"What do you think of Bryan"? I asked.

"Oh, how I would like to see him President of the United States", he said.

Why did the statesman make the laborer wish that? He didn't say what he would do if he were where he is not; he didn't lament the ingratitude of his friends. He made a speech, and his speech was so honest that people trusted the honest man behind it.

The story is told of a correspondence school which developed prize fighters from back-boneless soda fountain clerks. One prize fighter, after a signal victory, went to the home of the president of the school to thank him for his work. The benefactor of so many was himself an opium fiend.

Bryan is not a criminal who preaches virtue, nor a preacher who loves his gaming. He is an honest man, and that is why we told the truth when we shook hands with him and said we were glad to have met him.

D. J. G.

BITS OF GOOD SENSE

Everything in life has its price; the question is, "Is it worth it?"

A friend is some one who has traveled the road before you and who guides you in your journey.

To have learned tolerance is to have received one of life's priceless gifts.

Too many advantages are a disadvantage.

Tomorrow always brings something to go on with.

Live each day to the fullest—but keep yourself in condition to do it again tomorrow.

Q. E. D.

If flies are flies
Because they fly.
And fleas are fleas
Because they flea.
Then bees are bees
Because they be.

—Yale Record.

ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page Five.)

ment would be the Spring of 1921. The only reason that it is mentioned now is that we believe in the old adage, "No time like the present" to get thought started in the right direction.

Mansfield Reserves Defeated

The Reserves met defeat at the hands of the Wellsboro A. C., score 67 to 0. Although the Reserves were outweighed about twenty pounds to the man they fought gamely. "Van" Moore, a Mansfield boy, suffered a broken shoulder. The line-up:

Goodwin, R. E.

Sampson, R. T.

Richards, R. G.

Caswell, C.

Rolands, L. G.

Michaels, L. T.

Bryan, L. E.

McInroy, L. H. B.

Schmit (capt.) R. H. B.

Sirotnak, Q. B.

Osborne, F. B.

Substitutes: Matchett, "Van"
Moore, Garrison, Richards.

What About Stroudsburg?

That is what we all would like to know. It seems to the average student that Stroudsburg is not very desirous of putting her "pet" eleven against the "Red and Black" warriors for she has turned a deaf ear to all overtures. Perhaps Stroudsburg can answer this perplexing question. If so will she please communicate with the Lost and Found Department? Ready Mansfield? Ready Stroudsburg?

Let's go.

Remaining Games on "Varsity Schedule, 1920

October 30—St. Thomas College at Mansfield.

November 6—Bellefonte Academy at Mansfield.

November 12—Alfred University at Alfred.

November 20—Indiana State Normal at Indiana.

November 25—Bloomsburg S. N. at Mansfield.

Y. M. C. A. Association News Y. W. C. A.

WE WELCOME THE STATE CONFERENCE

The State Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations in the Normal Schools of Pennsylvania, coming to Mansfield November 5, 6, 7, 1920, marks what may well be the beginning of a worthy effort toward the aim of graduating MEN from our Teacher Training Colleges—men who have accepted the challenge of an age which is demanding us **FOR GOD'S SAKE TO BE MANLY AND FOR MAN'S SAKE TO BE GODLY**; men who have the confidence coming from self-mastery and who **DARE** to face the tremendous tasks facing Society as it is making the adjustments to a new life.

As a Teacher Training Institution, and in the interest of the big aims of the State Organization, Mansfield Normal welcomes this Conference and expresses the hope that the Association may be made permanent with a Convention each year at the beginning of the term when the delegates have the year before them in which to put in effect at their home schools the inspired ideals of the conference.

Y. W. C. A.

As our Y. W. C. A. is starting out for another year of work, our hearts swell with pride at the thought that we are factors in this big, "wide-awake" organization. We, as M. S. N. S. girls are not content with what has been done in past years, but it is our aim to make the Y. W. of '20 broader and better than ever before.

At the first regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on September 30, the report of the Eaglesmere trip was given. Misses Edwards, Reynolds and Squires gave discussions of the trip and the help and inspiration received through the different classes, such as the Bible and Missionary classes. Miss Alice Doane in her final summary of

the trip presented many good suggestions which may be followed out to advantage in both Y. W. and student government organizations. After a report like this we feel that the Eaglesmere trip is not only helpful, but necessary to our development and it is our plan to send at least twice as many girls to this conference in the future.

The annual candle-light service was conducted in Alumni Hall on October 7, at which about 150 girls were received into the Association. This service, though simple, is very impressive and very beautiful. At this time the girls make a pledge to stand as true followers of Jesus Christ and to uphold the cause of the organization. Upon making this pledge we want every girl to feel that it is not only her privilege but her duty to be present at the meetings held every Thursday night after supper and in these meetings we want the new girls as well as the old to become interested and active workers.

Our third meeting was led by Grace De Witt and Mildred Haight, at which a very helpful talk on the subject—"Ourselves and Others" was given by Miss Haight.

Already plans are being carried out for replenishing the resources of the organization. In a short time Y. W. stationery will be on sale, which we are sure every girl will be proud to use, and where is the girl who does not know about the "Y" chocolate and sandwiches. These and many other ways draw us all in closer touch and we are made to appreciate what our organization does for us.

It is the aim of the Association during the coming year to have every meeting brimming over with interest and inspiration. The services will be conducted largely by the aid of members of the faculty and as many leaders from outside our school as we are able to obtain. These leaders are interested in us, so in turn let us all

put "our best" into each meeting and watch our Y. W. grow.

—Olive Burrell.

ELOCUTION

Friday evening, October 8, an exceptionally fine recital was given by Miss Margaret Scureman, who is the head of the Expression Department at the Normal.

That Miss Scureman is truly a success as a reader was shown by the close attention she immediately won from her audience. Miss Scureman is especially talented in the art of interpreting humorous stories and poetry and also those in dialect. She is the possessor of a most charming personality, which adds a great deal to her success as a public speaker and an elocutionist. The following selections were given by Miss Scureman:

The Maker of Dreams.....
..... Oliphant Downs
Poems Dennis McCarthy
Speaking of Operations...Irvin Cobb
Bits of Philosophy.
Thru the Flood (from "Beside the
Bonnie Briar Bush"), Ian MacLaren

SUNDAY DINNER PARTIES

Time may come and time may go,
But in coming Sunday Dinner Parties
are pretty slow.

Can the Seniors of '21 forget the pleasant and happy memories they have of the Sunday Dinner Parties they attended last year?

We know that as soon as the new and just a wee bit lonesome students become more acquainted with the school life and activities they too will have joyous anticipation of the Sunday Dinner Parties to come and look back upon those that have passed with pleasant memories as do the seniors of '21.

Subscribe for "The Semaphore."

"Gym" Socials
Movies
Plays

Social Functions

"Lit" Societies
Bazaars
Miscellaneous

ATHENAEAN SOCIETY

What are you going to be, little girl,
When you grow up, big, and tall?
Are you going to be a doctor or nurse,
Or answer the teaching call?
The child looked up into his face
And gave him this reply:
I'll be an Atheanean, Mr. Man.
I'll be one, or I'll die.

That girl IS an Athenaeon now,
She's good and real true blue;
She's always ready and willing to
help
When there's work to do.

We, who are Athenaeans now,
Let us be real true blue,
And when we're asked, say
"Sure I will,"
When there's work to do.

We are trying to make our society
the best that we can this year, and
everything so far shows that we are
not to be disappointed.

Why should we be?

We have talented members to be
on literary programs, our cabinet is
composed of people who are willing
to work to the last straw. Our presi-
dent—well, I guess you all know Mr.
Isaacs without any introduction, and
know what he can do when he has
his heart "set on it."

Our plans are big ones, but we are
confident that we can carry them out.
When you are asked to be on a pro-
gram, say "Surely", and do the best
you can. Our object is to get as many
as possible on our programs. The two
"skits" put on this year: "The Model
Wife" and "The Girl of My Dreams",
were good beginners and we are in-
debted greatly to the people who so
willingly helped out. But—WE
KNOW that you will be so proud of
Atheanean before our school year
ends that you will be right with us
on the yell:

What's the matter with Athenaeon?
"SHE'S ALL RIGHT."

She is, she is, she is all right;
She's loyal,
She's peppy,
She gets there every time.
She's "in the lead" when it comes to
programs.
H—a; H—a; Ah———h!
ATHENAEAN!

—RUTH SAMUELS.

GYM SOCIALS

Gym socials, gym socials,
Well I guess;
Sure are looked forward to
By students of the M. N. S.

Let us go back to the old familiar
saying, "Position is everything in
life." Not only in life, O, no, but upon
the gym floor of Mansfield State Nor-
mal as well.

We play various interesting games
while dancing. One of the most amus-
ing of these is when the "Chaps" play
tag dancing with those participating
in the dance. Many have been tapped
lightly upon the shoulder and when
your partner is tapped you know it
is not to change partners but to
merely change your position.

Another game we also play is our
measurement game, "Six Inches."

Despite all this students look for-
ward to Friday night gym social with
pleasant anticipations for the brief
hour we spend there.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE NOTES

At the Domestic Science Cottage all
the spreads, New England suppers,
faculty dinners and massacres (ask
Daisy Hughes about that), are held.
In fact all good things to eat and
otherwise are found there.

There are six girls learning to be
thrifty, practical and efficient house-
keepers, and to have all the requis-

ites of good teachers under the pro-
ficient supervision of their up-to-date,
on-the-job-every-minute teacher, Miss
Smith, who says she isn't keeping a
practice house, but running a matri-
monial bureau. They also boast of
possessing an expert cake maker.

The girls are under the same rules
as the girls of North Hall, only they
have a few more added to the list,
which are really more of a pleasure
to perform than most rules are, and
they belong just as much to the stu-
dent government association. In the
projects they are planning they will
need the co-operation of all, just as
members of a family stand by one
another.

There is a homelike atmosphere and
congeniality that touches everyone
who lives there and they are loathe to
leave it.

—GRACE KREITNER.

MUSIC

Mansfield is indeed proud to have
Dr. Will George Butler as director of
the Music Department. Why? If
you have read the article in the Pub-
lic Ledger, a Philadelphia paper, you
will understand that Dr. Butler
holds a very prominent place in the
world of music. This article im-
pressed all those who are privileged
to know Dr. Butler, as being very
realistic, and very much like him. We
wish all could have read it.

The school should feel proud of
all the faculty in the Music Depart-
ment. Miss Adel, who is Miss Farn-
ham's successor as head of the Piano
Department, is very competent for
the position. Miss Berkley, who takes
Miss Farnham's place at the organ, is
also an excellent musician.

Miss Atwater, head of the Depart-
ment of Voice, is loved by all her pu-
pils, and the school could not find
another who would as successfully fill
her position.

—MARION VAN VORCE.

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COST
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STORE

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113 Water St., ELMIRA, N. Y.

True, How True

"Hi, gimme a handful of waste," I
howled,
(I was under the auto to grease it).
But Jim had an armful of waist in
the car
And was not disposed to release it.
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

Love

Love is like an onion,
We taste it with delight;
But when it's gone we wonder
Whatever made us bite.

Gordon Gregory to "Our Ed"
He held her in his arms and kissed
her;
For a moment, bliss was his.
"Oh," he cried, "I thought you were
my sister."
She laughed and said, "It is."

Dean Belknap in Lit.—What is a
nut?

McGowan—
"When you've bats in your belfry
that flut,
When you comprenez-vous rope is cut,
When you've nobody home in the top
of your dome.
Then your head's not a head—its a
nut."

Heard at Football Game

"Everybody get a man," yells Joe
Lippincott, to the other sturdy ten.
"Well' that is just what I have been
trying to do all my life," was heard
from Miss Stalford.

Smack

Now thinking how a girl to kiss
Something I did not care to miss.
So, I let my lips to hers be pressed
And she did all the rest.

Favorite Songs

Vamp—Doris Evans.
Slow and Easy—Albert Schultz.

Chemistry

Mary was, but Mary is no more.
What Mary thought was H₂O, was
H₂SO₄.

Fine Footwear for Young Men and Women

Also a Complete Line of Laces,
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Baynes Shoe Co.

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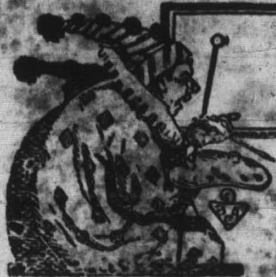
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Yet Lacking the Fire That Burns.

THIS AND THAT

Our Editor

She isn't tall, she isn't short,
She isn't thin or fat.
She's just about half way between
And a peach of a girl at that.

Poor Me

There is a poor thing on this staff
Whose duty is to make all laugh.
But to think up the jokes
For some of you folks
Is enough to drive anyone daft.

How lame Pearl Tuthill is since she
has lost her (Kane).

Edna Smith:

Two bad, bad eyes
I am thy slave.
I cannot make my eyes behave.

Prof. Strait: If I should throw this
chair into the water, would it sink?
Howard Heck: No sir, it would get
wet.

Mr. Grant, in Physics class: What
is Space?

Joe Lippincott: I don't know just
at present, but I have it in my head.

Famous Sayings

Miss Vail—1, 2, 3, 4; 1, 2; 1, 2, 3, 4.

Evelyn Clark—How's Kelly?

George Hunt—O, my dear.

William Jaquish—What do you
think of that?

Eliz. Belknap—We bumped to El-
mira and back in Henry.

Miss Stalford—I must finish this
napkin.

Seen on Tardy Slip

Overslept. Had to get own break-
fast. Henry Church.

Did You Know

Principal parts of pass;
pass—passed—flunked.

Man is like unto a kerosene lamp:

1. He is not especially bright.
2. He is often turned down.
3. He usually smokes.
4. He is sometimes "lit."
5. He frequently goes out at night.

Heard at Dancing Class

What seems to be your trouble?
Gertrude Cleveland—"My feet."

Miss Reynolds, in Music Methods
Class—Mr. Smimley, can you sing in
two flats.

Walter—I can sing in any flat if I
have the key.

Claude Isaacs is singing the latest
song hit, entitled "If you leave the R
out of Bernice, she would still Be-
Nice to me."

Did You Hear About:

Mysterious hand in Prof. Cass'
mail-box?

Black cat which crossed the road in
front of Prof. Strait's Ford.

Special North Hall Theatre Special
Featuring "Olive Stonier" and
"Aileen Van Dyke" in "The Two Tan-
talizing Vocalists."

Information Supplied

The precocious infant had just re-
turned from his first day at school,
registering intense ennui. The anxious
family gathered around:

"Donald," said his mother, "what
did you learn today?"

"Nothing."

"What, nothing at all?"

"Nope; there was a woman there
who wanted to know how to spell cat,
so I told her. That's all."

Avoiding the Rush

"Any trouble getting a drink in
your town?" asked the farmer.

"Not a bit," replied the city man.
"Why the bootleggers are so thick
that they have to wear badges to
keep from selling booze to one on-
other."

Some More Caesar

All Gaul is divided into three parts:
Stover, Johns, and B. Beach.

Ads.

All persons desiring to make them-
selves beautiful, try my course in
facial expression. Apply at my office,
Room, 3, Alumni Hall, on Wednesday,
Thursday or Friday. Georgiana Fer-
guson.

Wanted—Five boys with glass eyes
to peel onions in the kitchen.

Wanted—A piano by a woman with
mahogany legs.

My motto: A different girl every
night. All girls desiring my com-
pany for an evening at the Movies,
apply Room 44, South Hall, Arthur

TENTATIVE PROGRAM

State Y. M. C. A. Conference Normal Schools of Pennsylvania
Mansfield, Pa., 1920

Friday, November 5, 4 P. M. to 6 P. M.

Organization conference with Secretary W. H. Tinker of the International Y. M. C. A. Committee.

7:45 P. M.

General Session and Informal Social (Y. W. C. A. serves refreshments).

9:30 P. M. Conference meets in delegations for not over one-half hour.

Saturday, November 6, 9 A. M.

Devotional Period.

9:30 A. M. Survey of Normal School Needs.

10:15 A. M. Address—The Need of the Individual.

10:45 A. M. How Bible Study May Help.

11:15 A. M. What Other Activities Are Essential?

1:45 P. M. Normal School delegates meet to effect an organization and select the place for a conference in 1921.

2:45 P. M. Adjournment to attend football game, and interviews.

7:00 P. M. Banquet.

Parlors of the M. E. Church

Sunday, November 7.

9:00 A. M. Devotional Period.

9:20 A. M. Discussion of Central Activities.

(a) Inner Circle, (b) Bible Study, (c) Personal Work.

10:30 A. M. Conference open to all Normal Students.

2:00 P. M. Address to Delegates and Students.

3:00 P. M. Friendship Council.

3:45 P. M. Testimony Session.

6:15 P. M. Evening Sermon open to Public and Students.

7:30 P. M. Final Conference Session.

"Y" House

"Y" House

"Y" House

"Y" House

Alumni Hall

Alumni Hall

"Y" House

Alumni Hall

"Y" House

CONFERENCE COMMITTEE

at Mansfield

George E. Hunt

Wm. E. Caswell. Treasurer

Luther Saxton Secretary

Charles Munro Publicity

Manderville Bartle Entertainment

Claude Isaacs Reception

Gordon Gregory Richard Lowe

Edson Strange Victor Bennett

Carroll Wood Enrollment

Walter Swimley Wm. Sampson

Lindley Baxter Harold Kane

At State Committee

J. B. Carruthers,

State Y. M. C. A. Secretary

L. N. Miller, State Student Secretary

At International Committee

W. H. Tinker,

Student Sec. Middle Atlantic States

Conference Leaders and Speakers

Dr. David R. Porter

Mr. Conrad Hoffman

Mr. W. H. Tinker

Dr. W. R. Straughn

Mr. J. B. Carruthers

Mr. L. N. Miller

Mr. Henry P. VanDusen

Mr. W. B. Bryan

Mr. Elliott Speer

Rev. Chas. D. Purdy

Dean A. T. Belknap

Dr. Will George Butler

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Prof. George B. Strait

Dr. O. L. Warren

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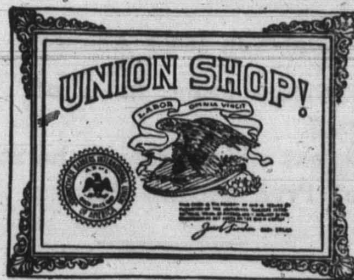
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